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Hesiodus. Hints from the works
and days. 18th

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Hints from Hesiod.

DEDICATED TO THE HUSBANDMEN OF
AMERICA.

BRENTANO BROTHERS, NEW YORK;

AND

A. BRENTANO & Co., WASHINGTON, D. C.



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authority to study and observe. Indeed, and our vision makes poor men as full of wise saws and modern instances, almost, as Shakespeare himself. The young farmer, mechanic, or laborer just commencing active life, his store-house of precepts, maxims, and reflections, many of which have come down to the present day, are invaluable; and being in poetical form and easy of retention, they will the more readily impress themselves upon the memory, and will continue to impress themselves until they become "familiar in the ear as household words." If, after such careful perusal as you may have time and inclination to bestow upon the work, you should feel disposed to give it a notice, either favorable or unfavorable, in your journal, please have the kindness to send us a copy of the paper.

We beg to say that as the price per copy (25 cts.) merely repays expenses of publication and sale, the author's object is neither profit nor gain, but only to introduce it to the husbandmen of America, and to bear honorable witness to the dignity of honest labor, and especially to what he esteems the greatest and best of all—the culture of the earth, and the ennobling influences of the pursuits of rural life.

A. BRENTANO & CO.,

Publishers and Booksellers,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUNE 12, 1883.

[CIRCULAR.]

To the Editor :

We take the liberty of bringing to your notice the accompanying brochure, entitled "HINTS FROM HESIOD," which we venture to say contains, with but a few rare exceptions, more practical wisdom, in a smaller compass and at a smaller cost to the purchaser, than any publication that has been made during the present century. As will be seen, it is simply a free and easy translation, or rather reproduction in modern dress, of an ancient Greek poet, by occupation a shepherd and farmer—a veritable poet and peasant—of nearly three thousand years ago ; and, as it was for ages regarded among the ancients as a sort of *vade mecum*, or practical guide for the moral and religious conduct of the husbandman, (in fact, of all classes and conditions of society,) so, it is hoped, its reproduction may be favorably received by the husbandman of the present day, to whom the work is dedicated. It makes no pretensions towards instructing the farmer in the details of his occupation ; but may be regarded rather as a friendly companion, which accompanies him in his labors, scattering here and there valuable hints, and sometimes—in fact, quite frequently—applying the *good* by way of a sharp incentive to industry and economy. With precepts inculcating these two virtues of industry and economy, as well as the practice of justice and benevolence, we may say the work is replete ; and it contains not a few political maxims, too, which it would be well for rulers and all others in power to study and observe. Indeed, this old Greek farmer was not



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HINTS FROM THE WORKS AND DAYS.

OR,

MORAL, ECONOMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL
MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS
OF HESIOD.

Hesiodus.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE PRAISES OF RURAL LIFE,

FROM HORACE.

DEDICATED TO THE HUSBANDMEN OF AMERICA.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

ARARE EST ORARE.

BRENTANO BROTHERS,
NEW YORK; AND
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of

Rev. Edw. Abbott

of
Cambridge.

Oct. 10. 1883.

PROLOGUE.

*Old Hesiod lived, if there be no misnomer,
As some suppose, about the age of Homer,
And wrote some poems of deserved praise,*
The most esteemed of which, his "Works and Days,"
Is here translated into English verse:
So take it, ye, for better or for worse!
Some closely, some is freely done; and since
'Tis mostly free, I call the version "Hints."
Yet in these hints I trust that you will find
Much to instruct and entertain the mind.
'Twas written for his brother's reformation,
To win him from the paths of litigation,
By showing how true happiness is joined
With rural labors and a virtuous mind.
In such esteem were held his moral rules,
That he was made a text-book in the schools
Of his own country, and was got by heart,
And ranked next Homer in poetic art.
Even the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains†
Caught inspiration from his Georgic strains,
And taught old Rome, now freed from civil rage,
Once more to speed the plow, as in her Golden Age.
As for his precepts in regard to farming,
Though rude to us, I always thought them charming;*

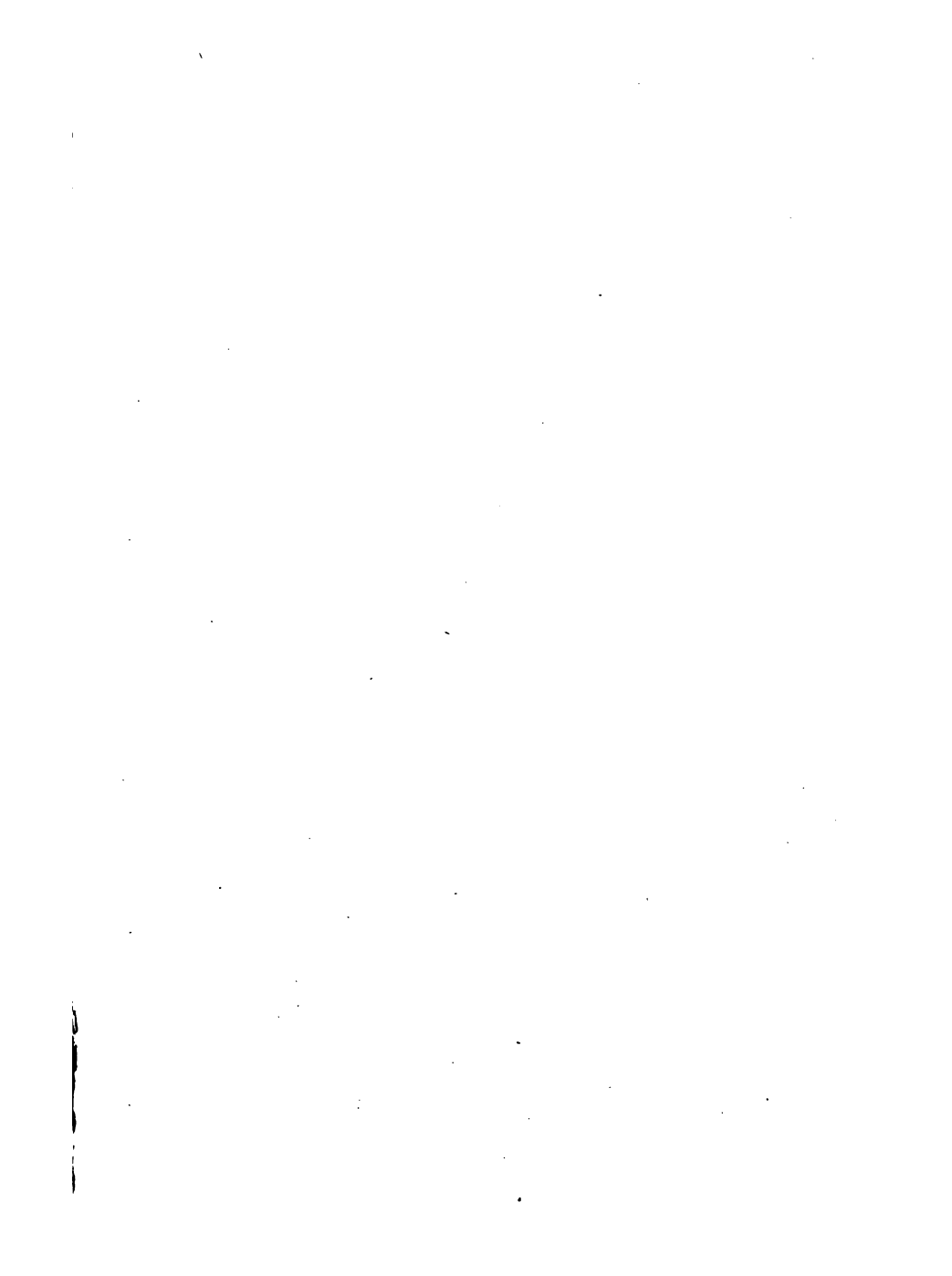
* For an account of the life and writings of Hesiod, see Appendix B.

† Virgil. He calls his Georgics "Æscraum Carmen," from Hesiod's birthplace, Æscra.

*But for his moral rules, they're not surpassed
By any one's, in present age or past.
Of parts which treat of ancient superstitions,
Or local customs, I've made some omissions,
So left the "Days" and other portions out,
Of whose utility there seemed a doubt,
Or where arose a question of propriety
In saying things that might offend society.
For now-a-days we cannot always speak
In English what we might have spoke in Greek.
The "Days," however, will be found appended
In prose translation, when the poem's ended ;*
Wherein behold how Superstition flies
From age to age, and never wholly dies !
For many, wise and foolish, even now
Will neither marry, travel, dig nor plow,
Nor plant, nor sow, nor shear, nor butcher swine,
Till lucky days or seasons on them shine,
Or the lady moon doth smile in recognition
Of this, their fondly-idle superstition.
But this, I think, was not so with our poet,
The thing existed, and he did but show it.
And now, kind Reader, if you have a turn
For sound instruction, and may choose to learn,
Your gracious ear to Hesiod's words incline,
And I'll feel flattered, as if they were mine.*

* See Appendix A.





GENERAL ARGUMENT OF THE POEM.

A brief analysis of the following poem is thought advisable, in order that the probable influences under which it was written may be better known, and its object and scope better understood. Hesiod, a farmer and shepherd, as well as poet, dwelling upon Mount Helicon, in Greece, had been robbed of his small patrimony, through the connivance of his brother, Perses, who had succeeded in bribing the judges of the Agora, or law tribunals, of his native place. Outraged by this treatment, instead of resorting to the usual methods of retaliation in vogue at that day, he writes a book, in which, in his effort to reform him, he unconsciously embalms the memory of his unnatural brother, and also of the "bribe-swallowing" judges, and holds them up, like flies in amber, to the eternal gaze of his countrymen. It is not probable that he anticipated, himself, the immortality this work was to confer upon him. But as "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," so the denunciations against wrong in every shape to which he gives utterance, and the almost Christian morals he inculcates, have found an echo in all succeeding ages, not only among his own countrymen, but in countries also which at that time had no existence as nations. Perses, therefore, so far as we are concerned, may be regarded as a sort of ideal reader, and the readers of the present day may all profit by the admonitions and advice given to Perses. The poem has come down to us under the title of "*Works and Days*," and some modern writers have compared it to a sort of "Shepherd's Calendar," or "Practical Hints on Farming Operations," or "Treatise on Husbandry." Others, again, more strongly impressed by its moral tone, have styled it an open "Letter of Remonstrance and Advice," addressed to his brother. It might, perhaps, still more correctly be entitled, "A Poem in Praise of Justice and Virtue, and of the Pursuits of Rural Life," for such, in fact, it is; and I have always thought that these two cardinal virtues were oftener found traveling hand

in hand with the husbandman, than with any other occupation ; and if an honest farmer does not get to heaven for the good he has done, then nobody ever will ; whence comes the true saying, "*Arare est Orare*," "To Plow is to Pray." The apparent object of the poem seems to be to counsel Perses to abandon the dishonorable practice of hanging around the Courts of Law, speculating in legal "corners," and endeavoring to enrich himself by robbing others, and to betake himself to the honest and more reputable pursuits of rural life, and to the observance of the laws of justice in his dealings with his fellow man, which, in Hesiod's eyes, constitutes the sum total of all human virtues.

Those who expect, from what has been said, a regularly planned essay on husbandry, or a well-connected discourse on piety and morals, will be disappointed. The first part of the poem, which contains several episodes and fables, by way of illustrating the lessons he strives to inculcate, consists of a series of precepts and reflections in praise of justice, piety, industry and economy, intended for the moral and religious conduct of the husbandman. The second gives a number of rules for the guidance of the practical farmer of his day ; although their chief object is to exhort to activity, and to encourage habits of industry and economy, rather than to prescribe detailed regulations for carrying on the operations of farming. Had this latter been intended, the poem would have been too didactic, and would have probably found but few readers at the time, and would find still fewer now. In brief, the entire drift and argument of the poem is this : Be industrious and frugal, and you will be prosperous ; be just, be pious, and you will be happy.

That the observance of these rules proved to be the best policy, in the long run, may be learned from the fact that, notwithstanding his loss, Hesiod's habits of industry and economy enabled him to eventually so far recover from the blow as to extend a helping hand to his needy brother, who, by this time, had succeeded in running through with not only his own share of the patrimony, but that also of which he had robbed Hesiod ; thus enabling the poet to realize the truth of his own words :

"Get all by honest means, would you secure
Wealth and respect that will through life endure.
Who seeks to heap his store by force or fraud,
Shall lose it all: though half the world applaud
His ill-gained wealth, there's an all-seeing Eye
That closely scans his actions from on high;
And Retribution soon or late shall sweep
Himself and treasures to oblivion's deep."

To prevent a misconstruction of Hesiod's true meaning, in his constant exhortations to get wealth, it may be proper to add that he means simply the acquisition of an easy competence; and nothing he says can be construed as urging his countrymen to join in a general scramble for building up fortunes, as we do at the present day, and in which people must of necessity resort to all sorts of trickery in order to encompass that end. Indeed, this feature of it he strongly condemns, for he says:

"But be not eager to acquire too much,
Or Modesty will flee your filthy touch.
She loathes the man who pays no just regard
To what is right; let scorn be his reward."

His idea is: Get enough, and something—possibly plenty—to spare, and you will not only avoid becoming, in helpless age, a charge upon others, but be able, also, to assist others with whom fortune may not have dealt so kindly. But in order to get enough, constant watchfulness and industry are necessary; for in the acquisition of wealth, as in that of virtue, vigilance is essential to enable us to retain what we have already become possessed of.



HINTS

FROM THE

WORKS AND DAYS OF HESIOD.

PART FIRST.—THE ARGUMENT.

The poet begins with an invocation to the Muses, and also a short *proœmium* in praise of Jove, the immortal Sire as well of the Muses as of the divine goddess Justice, whose praises he is about to sing. Object of the poem to win his brethren and countrymen from strife and dissension, by inculcating an observance of the laws of Justice. The twofold nature of Strife; the one producing violent dissensions, the other virtuous emulation. The folly of litigation, and the squandering of one's hard earnings in needless lawsuits. The strict observance of the laws of Justice, in all our acts and dealings, the best method of preventing them. The thirst for knowledge the first great cause of the origin of evil. The origin of evil, as illustrated in the fable of "Pandora and the Forbidden Jar." The transition from virtue to vice not sudden, but gradual, as illustrated in the history of the Five Ages. The tendency of man, as well as of all other animals, to acquire by force and fraud. The fable of the "Hawk and the Swallow." Wrong in all shapes denounced. The happiness and prosperity of individuals and nations, who observe the laws of Justice, contrasted with the misery and divine punishment of those who disregard them. Virtue, industry, econ-

omy recommended, and their rewards. Eagerness to acquire too much discountenanced. Ill-gotten wealth not durable. Hospitality, chastity, parental and filial affection, charity to the poor, and gratitude to Heaven enjoined. Beware of fraud and deception; to escape which, implicit faith and skeptical unbelief are both to be equally avoided. Precepts to be observed in providing for the future of one's children. Exhortation to industry and labor.





HINTS FROM THE WORKS AND DAYS OF HESIOD.

Ye Pierian Muses, whom the earth has long
Proclaimed the guardians of immortal song,
Attune your harps to sing the praise of Jove,
Whose radiant brow illumines the courts above !
Before His throne the trembling nations fall,
He claims the homage of the great and small ;
His conquering hand o'erwhelms the strongest foe,
The proud debases and exalts the low,
Directs the feeble and confounds the wise :
Such is the power of Him who rules the skies.
Be ye propitious, then, while I rehearse
The laws of Justice in heroic verse—
Justice, the daughter of immortal Jove,
Beloved and revered by the gods above—
And give some plain, judicious rules of life,
To win our brethren from the paths of strife.

Strife hath a twofold nature, mother Earth
Having produced two at a single birth :
One, born of Night, the cause of bloody wars,
Fights, broils, dissensions, and domestic jars ;
The other birth, for nobler ends designed,
With emulation fills the human mind.
He who with jealous eye beholds the gain
That fills the coffers of some neighboring swain,
Fired by the example, gives the warning heed,
And drives his oxen with redoubled speed.
Thus zeal and industry our efforts claim,
And fill the breast with love of wealth and fame.
Each art or craft, impelled by jealous fear,
Strives for the mastery in its proper sphere :
His busy wheel the jealous potter plies,
The jealous artist with his rival vies ;
Even poets, stirred by envy, think it wrong
To share the glory of immortal song.

Let humble swains, who live by honest toil,
Confine their efforts to the generous soil,
And from the wrangling courts of law refrain,
They bring but loss and trouble in their train.
He, who all-fruitful Ceres takes to wife,
Has little time to spend in legal strife ;
But if he does, why then the simple goose
But heaps up riches for another's use.
In all your acts yield to the law of love
And equal justice ; 'tis approved by Jove.
Did every mortal by this precept live,
Those legal harpies soon would cease to thrive.
Fools ! who with all their learning cannot tell
The worth of mallows or of asphodel,

Or calculate within their narrow soul
When or how much the half exceeds the whole ;*
Yet triumph o'er the foolish and the blind,
And fatten on the follies of mankind,
Whose wealth, which years have added to their store,
Is spent at law in half as many more.
The gods, no doubt, would golden plans devise
For man, did not he grow too wondrous wise.
The thirst for knowledge was in fact the bane
That filled his cup of future bliss with pain.
Ere knowledge came, he dwelt in peaceful rest,
Free from the cares that now distract the breast ;
But when Prometheus stole the fire of heaven, †
Unnumbered woes were by the Thunderer given,
To teach that mortals, to be happy here,
Should not aspire beyond their proper sphere.
The means employed is since a common case :
He chose a woman to afflict the race.
The fable runs that, by divine command,
Vulcan, the prince of artists, formed to hand
A female figure, kneaded from the earth,
When all the gods smiled on the lovely birth.
Minerva gave her knowledge, and a mind
Graced with artistic skill of every kind ;
The Queen of Beauty and the Graces shed
A shower of golden lustre round her head ;
Upon her brows the blooming Seasons hung,
And sweet Persuasion dwelt upon her tongue.
But Mercury inspired an artful soul,

* See note (1).

† For a just interpretation and explanation of the allegory of Prometheus (or Fore-Thought), Epimetheus (After-Thought), and Pandora, see Bacon's Works, *Wisdom of the Ancients*.

Blent with a curious air, and spoiled the whole.
 When thus arrayed, the gods agreed to call
 Her name Pandora, as the gift of all,
 And sent her with the swift-winged Argicide*
 To thoughtless Epimetheus† as a bride.
 He, with less prudence than his cautious brother,
 Could not his rising admiration smother,
 And though he knew what countless woes must come,
 Still took the fatal beauty to his home.
 Ere this misfortune men possessed the earth,
 Free from the miseries of their present birth.
 But on the downward road they soon advance,
 That is to say, when they have half a chance.
 And soon it came, for Epimetheus's wife
 Ope'd the forbidden jar,‡ with Sorrows rife,
 When out the monsters tumbled by the score,
 And scoured the earth, e'en to its farthest shore.
 Hope, glorious Hope, alone within remained,
 Said to have been by Jove's command detained ;
 But all the rest unnumbered wander free
 O'er the dominions of the earth and sea.
 By night and day they wing their silent flight,
 To breathe on mortal men their deadly blight,
 And work in a mysterious way some dread design :
 Who can the ways of Providence divine ?

Still, men not all at once rushed into crime ;
 Ages elapsed before they reached their prime.
 Through what successive changes their estate
 Relapsed from good to bad, I'll now relate.

* Mercury.

† Brother of Prometheus.

‡ Hesiod does not explain how Pandora came by this jar.

If ye give ear while I the tale rehearse,
Perhaps ye'll find a moral in my verse.

In good old times—all olden times are good—
Men with the gods in close relation stood.
Then in its glory bloomed the Golden Age,
When they, for once, made human creatures sage.
Then ancient Saturn dwelt among mankind,
Their manners softened, and their tastes refined ;
And happy mortals, sunk in blissful rest,
Knew not the cares that now distract the breast.
Perpetual youth bloomed on their manly brows,
For Age was absent, with his countless woes.
Through life they journeyed, blest with every joy,
Death did but sink to slumber, not destroy.
For them the Earth poured forth her bounteous store,
And peaceful labor reigned from shore to shore.
No selfish avarice cursed the generous soil,
Each with his neighbor shared the sweets of toil.
And when the grave closed o'er their honored clay,
The scene but changed to one of endless day.
Their happy shades still dwell upon the earth,
To succor the distressed, to raise up worth.
By heaven's high will it is their glorious trust
To give deserving wealth, to shield the just.
O'er every spot their guardian spirits brood ;
Such are the bright rewards of doing good.

Next came the Silver Age, an age betwixt
The gold and brazen, but with neither mixt.
They had their virtues, but in them we trace
A class less moral than the golden race.
I scarce believe, but 'tis averred that till

Their hundredth year the babes were sucking still !
But when grown up their few remaining years
Were much harassed by strifes and anxious fears.
The human breast then first began to show
The fires that soon assumed a fiercer glow.
Hate, pride, and insolence arose so high,
Man often gave his fellow man the lie.
Religion trembled on her very throne,
And gods themselves could scarce get justice done.
But angry Jove destroyed this impious race,
And after death gave them the second place
Among terrestrial gods, which seemeth strange !
They must indeed have undergone a change.

Then father Jove hewed out another race,
Surnamed the Brazen (from their brazen face),
Whose chief delight was in the deeds of arms
That filled the earth with slaughters and alarms.
Their hearts are of the adamantine mold,
And giant strength their brawny limbs enfold.
Flesh they devoured, which nerved their souls for strife,
And lived ere useful iron crowned the arts of life.
For all was brazen : buckler, sword, cuirass,
And ev'n their houses, for they worked in brass.
An impious race they were, whose daring pride
The dreaded power of hell itself defied !
For once upon a time, to tempt the fates,
They would have stormed old Pluto's brazen gates,
Had not just then, upon the rabble rout,
Come 'venging Death, and snuffed their candles out.

Then came the race of Heroes, men renowned
For war's achievements and for skill profound.

Though they delighted in the clash of arms,
Yet honor, truth, for them had nobler charms
Than for the giants of that brazen age,
Whose chief ambition was in brutal rage.
The trump of fame proclaimed their martial worth,
And styled them demi-gods throughout the earth.
Such were the men who drenched the Theban soil,
When each fell vanquished in the warlike broil;
And such the men who dared the waves in joy,
To fight for Helen at the gates of Troy.
And when, their triumphs past, the illustrious brave
Sank calmly in the slumbers of the grave,
Their spirits roamed the Islands of the Blest,
In the deep-eddying oceans of the West,
Where golden bowers invite delicious ease,
And fruits e'er ripe hang from the blooming trees.

But of all ages that were ever curs'd
With human villainies, this is the worst.
I often wish my fortune had been cast
To live in future or in ages past.
'Tis plain, at length, the Iron Age has come,
Whose wicked deeds ere long shall strike us dumb.
In former times, though full of strife and pother,
Men of one blood were faithful to each other.
But now, it seems, the gods have scourged our race
For some misdeed, nor even left that grace.
But what is worse, their sorrows shall increase,
Nor night nor day shall bring the guilty peace.
The time will come when impious son and sire
Shall, reeking in each other's blood, expire;
When man shall not, as heretofore, extend
The rites of friendship to his former friend;

When ev'n the offspring of one blood shall cease
To dwell together in the bonds of peace.

The awe and reverence once inspired by age
Shall not then shield it from insult and rage.
Parental care, that once did o'er them brood,
Shall be repaid by black ingratitude.

Then shall they gloat on pillage and bloodshed,
While blushing Peace shall hide her lovely head,
And honest Truth shall seek for praise in vain,
For then alone the slanderer shall reign.

Then croaking Envy, with malignant pride,
Shall haunt her haggard victims, side by side.

Then Modesty, that maid of heavenly birth,
And Nemesis, shall quit the scenes of earth,
And clad in shining robes once more arise
To grace the mansions of their native skies.

Still further woes must wretched man endure,
Ere from affliction he shall rest secure.

In such a fate all present signs portend
Our impious race shall ultimately end,
But in whose day or age we can't divine:
God grant that it may never come in mine!

Beasts, birds, and men are all by nature prone
To make each other's rights yield to their own.
No odds if fraud or force be used—the might
To do a wrong of course implies the right!
A hawk, the fable goes, caught up one day
A twittering swallow, doomed to be his prey,
Who, though she shrieked, as well she might, for aid,
Against her foe but slight resistance made.

“How now?” quoth he, “why don't you act the brave?
Such piteous shrieks cannot your carcass save.

Your song and beauty prove of little use,
Since I can dine upon you if I choose.
But mind, should you resist, I'll knock your brains
Out with my beak, to pay you for your pains!"
From this we learn, 'tis not the proper plan
To take the lion's share because we can.
Wrong in all shapes I heartily detest;
'Tis but a rugged, dangerous path at best.
No mortal's insolence may always stand,
Since retribution's ever near at hand;
And soon or late the avenging day must come
That sends the guilty to their well-earned doom,
Who, when once from their former station hurled,
Become the scorn and jest of all the world.
Nor less do nations, even, feel the blow,
Who wrongly act with either friend or foe.
Offended Justice fills the very air
They breathe with frightful woes, nor will she spare
The guilty people who her laws despoil,
And drive her exiled from her native soil.
But to those nations who pay just regard
To her commands she gives a rich reward:
From every plain shall teeming cities spring,
And thriving Peace her reign of plenty bring.
Nor shall gaunt Famine stalk throughout the land,
Nor Discord o'er it cast her lurid brand.
For them the earth shall yield a rich repast,
The fruitful oak shall bend with fattening mast,
And from its boughs the honied treasure yield,
While big-fleeced lambs shall crop the flowery field.
Their women shall bring forth a noble race,
Whose honest birth is stamped upon their face;

And o'er the happy land, in full recruits,
Shall bounteous Nature pour her annual fruits.
But nations that to deeds of wrong are given,
Shall meet the vengeance of offended heaven.
Whole cities often feel the withering blow,
When their proud rulers prove of heaven the foe;
And down on them shall sore afflictions rain,
Bringing disease and famine in their train.
Their race shall be uprooted from the earth,
From thence their barren wives shall give no birth,
Their fleets shall be submerged beneath the wave,
And walls and armies share a common grave.

Ye rulers, who your people's welfare serve,
Be Right your guide, nor from its duties swerve!
Do not attempt to hide your deeds of wrong;
Too many gods through vast creation throng.
Full thrice ten thousand fill the realms of space,
Who scan our actions and our motives trace,
And o'er our passions keep a wholesome guard,
The guilty punish, and the just reward.
But of all deities, whose glorious birth
Has ever graced the courts of heaven or earth,
Justice alone, the daughter of high Jove,
Is loved and revered by the gods above.
Before His throne she stands to intercede
In men's behalf whom tyrants doom to bleed,
And call down vengeance on those wicked kings
Who turn deaf ear to human sufferings.
Guard, then, their rights, O ruler, as your own!
They will in turn protect your tottering throne.
And have a care how ye the poisoned darts
Of hate and malice aim at virtuous hearts,

Lest your own carcass catch the fatal blow
Intended for your unoffending foe ;
For Jove's all-seeing eye can soon reveal
And punish crimes you would in vain conceal.—
Yet why should I or mine be honest when
Great rogues are praised, instead of honest men ?
If wealth nor praise on honest toil depends,
And none but scoundrels may secure these ends,
While good men suffer, then confess we must,
'Twere less an evil to be wrong than just.—
But heaven forbid ! we must be just to all,
Though rogues may triumph, and good men may fall.
And if the world would bear this rule in mind,
Injustice would be banished from mankind.
'Tis strange how they depend on brutal might,
When savage beasts in it so much delight.
Their souls kind Nature never deigned to lift
To light of reason, but bestowed that gift
On man to raise him from his low estate,
And fit his being for a nobler fate.
Beasts, birds, and fishes prey upon each other,
But man should love his neighbor as a brother.
Heaven's richest, choicest gifts to him belong
Who scorns by word or deed to do a wrong.
For him bright Ceres pours her golden ears,
And honor follows him through future years.
But who with false and treacherous tongue would blight
Respected fame, or wrong the cause of right,
Let heaven's just vengeance scathe his perjured soul,
And dark oblivion o'er his memory roll.

Plain is the path of virtue, yet 'tis twice
As hard to travel as the way of Vice,

Whose broad and slippery road we should beware,
For in her groves lurk many a hidden snare.
Who would aspire to Virtue's goal should keep
His eye upon't, though rugged, long, and steep
The narrow way that leads to her domain ;
But when once overcome, the rest is plain.
Yet, even gained, there is but little chance
To whirl along in pleasure's giddy dance.
One fatal step might plunge you o'er the rock
Of dark despair, and make your toils a mock.
But he that holds out faithful shall secure
A happy life and fame that will endure.
Nor in less happ'ness shall that man rejoice
Who wisely hears Persuasion's warning voice ;
But who to reason's warning gives no thought,
Or turns deaf ear, will surely come to nought.
With active labor, too, keep daily pace,
Lest grim starvation stare you in the face ;
And should it be your lot to turn the soil,
A golden harvest will reward your toil.
Starvation's sure to follow idle men,
Those proper tenants of some forest den,
Who hang, like lazy drones, about the hive
Of working men, and on their labors thrive.
Would you 'gainst want provide a sure defence,
Use due economy in your expense ;
For bear in mind, it is by frugal care
Of what we make that gives us some to spare.
From thy best neighbor neither beg nor borrow,
A bad paymaster is that same to-morrow ;
And let this rule be in your mind instilled :
Pay all your debts, and keep your pockets filled.

But sweet employment is the boon of heaven
That lightens sorrow with its healthful leaven ;
Labor brings no dishonor, but the praise
Of God and man ; 'tis sloth incurs disgrace.
Even your example makes the idler feel
The glow of shame, when he beholds your zeal.
But be not eager to acquire too much,
Or Modesty will flee your filthy touch.
She loathes the man who pays no just regard
To what is right ; let scorn be his reward.
'Tis true, she might our noblest hopes depress,
But proper confidence insures success.
Get all by honest means, would you secure
Wealth and respect that will through life endure.
Who seeks to heap his store by force or fraud
Shall lose it all : though half the world applaud
His ill-gained wealth, there's an all-seeing Eye
That closely scans his actions from on high ;
And Retribution soon or late shall sweep
Himself and treasures to oblivion's deep.

He who would spurn a suppliant from his door ;
Or wrong defenceless orphans ; rob the poor ;
Or drive his child from its paternal hearth,
A wanderer and outcast on the earth ;
Or with incest defile his neighbor's bed ;
Or heap reproaches on his parent's head,
When silvered over with the frosts of age,
Shall feel, himself, the breath of heaven's rage.
Preserve thy soul from these ensnaring sins ;
Holiness alone the favor of heaven wins.
Ere thou retir'st to slumber kneel and pray,
Returning thanks for blessings of the day.

Rise and repeat, when morn again has smiled ;
Then may'st thou have a conscience undefiled,
And, blest of God, the well-earned treasures keep,
Which time may ne'er from thy possession sweep.
Before thy friends oft spread the welcome feast,
Though of such store thy foes may claim the least.
Thy nearest neighbor haste to make thy friend,
And good results may on your choice attend.
If honest, kind, and just, he'll prove the best
Of counsellors ; a bad one is a pest.
But if thou would'st the love of all secure,
Treat kindly all, good, bad, or rich, or poor.
In all thy trade or dealings let thy pleasure
Yield to thy neighbor's ; give him his own measure.
Such generous acts, displayed in prosperous days,
Enlist his friendship and exalted praise.
When thou giv'st alms, the gracious gift impart
Not with thy hand alone, but with thy heart ;
Give freely, wouldst thou claim to be receiver,
Both God and man reward the cheerful giver.
Indeed, *to give* rewards the generous mind :
What greater luxury than being kind ?
But, pray, let not yourself be duped too much
By lying beggars, hobbling on a crutch ;
For though you give by littles, yet, depend,
Those littles will exhaust you in the end.
Though blind suspicion often proves a curse,
Yet blind belief is just as bad, or worse :
The one makes you of every doubt the slave,
The other a dupe of each designing knave.
Betwixt the two extremes 'tis best to steer,
Neither reject nor sanction all you hear.

Beware of those false women who aspire
To flaunt their charms in gaudy, gay attire.
Trust not their words, nor by their arts be ruled,
You will find, when it's too late, you're badly fooled.
Beget at least one son, and to his sway
Leave the old homestead, lest it pass away ;
Yet for thy other children thou should'st spare
Out of thy goods an equitable share.
'Twere wrong to rear them in luxurious ease,
Then die and leave them in too tight a squeeze.
To end the chapter, should your chief desire
Be to get wealth, hope must your toils inspire.
Let Labor be your motto, day by day ;
All seeming obstacles yield to its sway.



PART SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet, after giving some advice concerning the proper age and time in life to marry, as well as making some reflections upon the age and character of the wife to be chosen, proceeds to give some rules and maxims relating to rural occupations, and appropriately begins with Spring, which is the time to plow, and to commence the labors of the year.—Industry and activity in the prosecution of one's labors enjoined.—Autumn the time for clearing forest land and for plowing again.—Recommends, by way of economy, the making of one's own farming implements.—Directions for constructing a plow.—The age at which plowmen and oxen should be chosen.—Directions for sowing and planting.—Prepare for the approach of Winter.—Especial care to be taken of Stock.—The pleasure of beholding one's granaries stored with the fruits of one's own labors.—Live and enjoy.—Employment the best medicine.—Reflections on diligence and idleness, and their different consequences illustrated by a comparison of the comforts which the thrifty enjoy during the inclement season.—Description of a winter storm.—The winter months, instead of being employed in idleness and in squandering one's gains, should be employed in making and mending implements for Summer's work.—Economical directions for clothing one's household.—When Spring comes again, prune the vines and fruit trees.—Summer's labors.—A rural scene and rural repast described.—The time for gathering grapes, with directions for curing, and taking them to press.—Some directions for Navigation, for those who are accustomed to ship their produce.—Rules of moral conduct.

It should be one's chief aim, commencing life,
To get a home before he gets a wife,
And have his farm well stocked with useful tools,
Plows, wagons, carts, and cattle, horses, mules.
All needful implements he should provide,
And household comforts for his future bride,
Lest, homesick, she too oft, (a foe to mirth,)
Pine for the old, the dear paternal hearth.
For nothing checks the strange desire to roam,
Or cures homesickness, like a thrifty home.
Also, a lad to chore, a man to plow,
And servant girl to cook, and milk the cow ;
A mastiff, too, his midnight watch to keep
On prowling thieves, when you are fast asleep.
When, thus prepared, you reach the marrying age,*
Set springes for your bird ; you have the cage.
Let her who shares the fortunes of thy bed
And board, thine equal be ; let equals wed.
Or, if not equals, and good sense approve,
Then wed below thy means, but not above.
Should you spurn this advice and seek to hatch
Yourself a fortune by a splendid match,—
Leave thy own tilth to sow and reap itself,
While thou go'st gambling for another's pelf,—
Thou mightst get *jilted* and, in hopeless age
And disappointment, reap a gambler's wage.
Ev'n though thou win and to thy little store
Add acres vast and thousands, score on score,
Thou barter'st freedom for a gilded noose,—
Whose yoke so galling as a wealthy shrew's ?
And she will soon thy kith and kin despise,

* That is, according to Hesiod, about thirty. See Note (2).

And to her pride thy manhood sacrifice.
But those thine equals most respect thy will,
And thou art lord of thy plantation still.
Choose, then, the golden mean and heed this rule,
A fortune-hunter ever is Fortune's fool.

To age and temper, too, give careful thought;
Reason thy guide; nor act like one distraught.
Marriage is real, not an idle dream,
And most secure when grounded in esteem.
Who rules thy household, cheers thy humble hearth,
Should be a woman of domestic worth,
In morals unrepached, upright in soul,
And blest with meekness, patience, self-control.
Some folks aver that there are women plenty
Who have these virtues at the age of twenty;
Though I'm inclined to think you best would thrive,
At thirty years, with one of twenty-five.
For love thrives longest when their ages be
Not too far distant, yet the elder he.
To such an one, at least, pay your devotion
As you can train to your peculiar notion.
Old maids and widows, when disposed to get
Into their thinking-caps, are rather set,
And habits once ingrained are hard to cure;
You will find the task much easier to endure.
And when you farmers marry, don't go off
Too far from home, or all the girls will scoff;
And then 'twill save both money and a jaw,
By being where she will see her dear mamma.
Should she in thy ill-fortune prove forgiving,
Such sweetness will enhance your zest for living;
For, of all earthly friends, a faithful wife

Will best assuage the troublous cares of life.
But if dark Pride and Passion reign instead,
Look out for breakers, there are storms ahead!
An evil temper is a withering curse,
It grows no better, and it may grow worse.
If such thou woo, thou woo'st uncertain fate,
Best flee the enchantment ere it be too late.
Nor wed a dancing, feasting, frolicking 'gad,'
A female tramp is sure to drive you mad.
I do abhor to see a woman roam
For pleasures which she ought to find at home.

Turn we now from the moral Muse's strain,
To sing the pleasures of the rural plain,
And with some homely, frugal rules to cheer
And guide the labors of the rolling year.

Soon as the Pleiades begin to rise,
And shed their lights along the vernal skies,
Bring forth the plow; begin the summer's toil;
Now is the proper time to turn the soil.
Whate'er the task, to plow, to sow, or reap,
Waste not your time in soul-degrading sleep.
Up and be doing, is the way to find
What bounteous treasure heaven has designed.
The active man secures it twice as soon
As he who snores in bed from morn till noon.
And let each stated season bring its round
Of labors finished, or with harvests crowned;
Nor grieve because you can't the world command,
When you don't manage even your own land.
'Tis base to look on wealth with envious eyes,
And make no effort to secure the prize.

In all your plans be punctual, nor delay
Until the next the labors of to-day.
To wait ne'er fills the hungry mouth with bread,
'Tis industry that drives the work ahead.
Your witless sluggard ever is at strife,
And battling with misfortunes all his life.

And when the sun, returning southward, flies,
And Autumn rains have cooled the sultry skies,
Your weakened frame, by wintry breezes fann'd,
Acquires new strength to clear the forest land.
For when the dog-star burns, 'tis not discreet
To task your strength beneath his scorching heat.
Besides, each season, as I said before,
Should see its proper work begun and o'er.
Then fell your timber and prepare the ground
For culture, ere the spring-time come around.
Would you be saving, make, for common use,
Carts, harrows, drags; in short, whate'er you choose.
These implements, which come in play betimes,
Are quite a prudent way of saving dimes.
Next, from the mountain-oak proceed to build
A brace of plows; that is, if you are skilled.
The size and structure must, of course, depend
Upon the nature of the soil you tend.
The simplest way is to hew out a beam,
Say ten palms long; to this you hitch the team.
Join this by mortice to the handle, and
Fasten the handle by a sort of band
Or staple to the share, and then insert
A coulter in the beam to cut the dirt.
Of woods, oak, hickory, laurel are the best
To stock a plow, for these have stood the test.

Procure a yoke of oxen, large and strong,
And rightly trained to haul the plow along.
Most cattle for this work are badly trained
Till they have some nine years or more attained.
Your plowman should be forty years of age,
One that has grown by long experience sage,
Well known to lead a sober, steady life,
And is not half distracted for a wife.
Young men are all unsteady, rakish churls,
And quite too fond of running after girls.

But when the crane, bound for the torrid climes,
Salutes you early with his grating chimes,
Plow and throw in your seed, his boding strain
Portends th' approach of Winter's dismal reign.
Pen up the Stock in shelters close and warm,
Where they may feed, safe from the wintry storm.
Though tillage should your chief attention share,
Yet rearing stock demands especial care ;
And so arrange your labors as to give
Them regular food, or they will cease to thrive.
Beyond a doubt the culture of the earth
Was the most highly honored at its birth ;
For then, indeed, in spite of wind and weather,
Both man and master drove the plow together,
And scarce could wait, fired in their noble toil,
The morning's dawn to turn the generous soil.
Plow and sow early, let not Summer bring
Her march too quickly on the heels of Spring.
First send up prayers for a bounteous yield,
And vow to heav'n the first fruits of the field.
Plow briskly, too, and never once look back,
And whip your oxen if they grow too slack.

In planting corn keep in a regular row,
And let your man come after with the hoe,
Or 'twill be caught up by the crow and sparrow :
In covering wheat of course employ the harrow.
Method in all things, is the proper plan,
The want of it is bad to laboring man.
Should heaven smile, propitious to the end,
You will see, ere long, the ripening harvests bend.
How you'll rejoice to view their golden sheen !
Clean out the hampers and prepare to glean.
Still greater joy must it your heart afford,
To see the crops in ample granaries stored.
Live, and enjoy their fruits, 'tis yours to-day,
To-morrow comes and you may pass away !
But he that spends his time without employ,
Shall neither reap the harvest nor enjoy.
Employment, then, should your attention share,
'Tis the best medicine for disease and care,
The cheerful guide to happiness and health,
The only road that leads to certain wealth.
And when the cuckoo's song again you hear,
Plan out the labors of the coming year.

Go where the rich have reared their ample domes :
How snugly quartered in their pleasant homes !
The wintry blasts may sweep along the plain,
They strike the poor, but threaten these in vain.
Do thou the paths of Diligence pursue,
They have reaped her rich rewards, and so may you.
He that would thrive, yet like a sluggard mopes,
And thinks that wealth will crown his foolish hopes,
Is far more apt to thrive in works of evil :
' *An idle mind's the workshop of the devil.*'

Go teach your servants while the Summer's here,
 It will not, cannot tarry all the year.
 Provide *then* for your family and fold,
 In Summer's heat prepare for winter's cold.
 Ah, how the poor man shudders when the shrill,
 Bleak Northern-Wind comes whistling o'er the hill!
 See how the sultry months fly his embrace,
 As he comes galloping from the hills of Thrace!
 In icy mantle clad, and snowy plumes,
 Swift on their path the dread destroyer comes.
 Where'er he sweeps, his chill and piercing breath
 Blasts vegetation like the hand of death,
 And rolls the waves tumultuous to the shore,
 While hill and forest echo with the roar.
 The monarch pine, her noblest, stateliest birth,
 Moans, groans, and bends, then prostrate hugs the earth.
 Torn from its base, the towering mountain ash
 Is hurled to earth with an appalling crash,
 And even the oak's gigantic limbs at length
 Fall crushed below by his impetuous strength.
 But ere the storm with ten-fold fury raves,
 The affrighted beasts fly howling to their caves.
 The ox, clad in his shaggy covering, finds
 No safe protection from the piercing winds,
 And in their folds all, save the fleecy flock,
 Stand chilled and shivering with the tempest's shock.

* * * * *
 Waste not these wintry months, like some unthrifty swains,
 Who lounge about the village inn a-spending of their gains,
 Or round the village smithy, engaged in idle talk,
 While at the passers-by they giggle, gape, and gawk;
 A-straining all the while to warm their fingers' ends,

And caring nought for time misspent, or how to make
amends.

Through all the wintry season they do but shift and shirk
The furnishing and furbishing their tools for Summer's
work;

Thus many a precious moment, many a precious day,
For making and for mending is forever thrown away.

* * * * *

Now is the time to make your winter clothes:
Coats, caps, and shoes to shield you from the snows,
And mud, and pelting rains that often pour
Throughout this dismal season by the hour.
But be thou frugal: let the loom produce
All necessary clothing for thy use.
Knock down a beef, and let his hide supply
Your home-made shoes; they're good as half you buy.
A sheepskin cap is proof against the storm;
The wool will keep your hands and trotters warm.
Thus snugly furnished, you may always dare
To venture forth and meet the morning air;
For then most fiercely, when the wind prevails,
The biting atmosphere your frame assails.
Your creature-comforts also now provide,
And see, moreover, you are well supplied;
For of all seasons of the changing year,
On man and beast this is the most severe;
And though the days are short and sleep is longer,
Yet cold's a strong provocative of hunger.
Being thus attentive to your house and fold,
Your needs must flourish through the winter's cold.
And when again the summer comes around,
Your toils shall be with equal harvests crowned.

When now the days of Winter's reign have fled,
And bright Arcturus leaves his ocean bed,
The twittering swallow, on exulting wing,
Arrives to herald the approaching Spring.
Spade up the soil and prune with tender care
The budding vines, or they may cease to bear.
But when the snail, forth issuing from the ground,
To escape the vernal showers, creeps around
The shooting scions, lay aside the spade,
The harvest-time has come, prepare the blade.
Long ere the sun his beam in splendor sheds,
Rouse up your servants from their drowsy beds,
And hasten forth with early dawn to wield
The scythe and sickle in the harvest field.
From dawn to breakfast you may save a heap
Of precious time that might be lost in sleep:
The work commenced, ere morning flies away,
Will much advance the labors of the day.

Soon as the thistle blooms and from her bower
The shrill cicada's voice begins to pour,
The Summer's come, through whose long sultry days
The flocks seek refuge from her scorching rays;
And fainting swains are ready to expire,
While virgins glow with love's consuming fire.
Then from your labors seek a cool retreat,
In some wide grotto, from the melting heat,
Where spreading branches overhang the scene,
And bubbling fountains wind along the green,
And fragrant Zephyrs, in their sportive whims,
With gentle pinions fan the wearied limbs.
Then spread around the bounteous repast:
The roasted kid, how savory to the taste!

With sparkling waters mix the Byblian wine,—
'Twill make a drink that's perfectly divine.
But when Orion first appears, begin
To cut the harvest and to gather in.
And let no lazy hanger-on prevent
Your time from being profitably spent.
Perform your labor, and perform it well,
Then give your men and mules a resting spell.

When Sirius climbs just half-way through the skies,
And rosy-fingered Morn, with saffron dyes,
Illumes the path Arcturus loves to tread,
Bring in the grapes, and don't forget to spread
Them in the sun for drying, say ten days.
Through the next five relieve them from his rays.
Upon the sixth day get in readiness
The hampers wide and take them to the press.
But when the Pleiads, Hyads, and Orion strong
Through the whole skies have made their journey long,
See that your plowing teams are set in train,
The plowing season then has come again.

Should you attempt the waves to venture o'er,
To take your produce to some distant shore,
Come back in season, or the Pleiades
May set, and you be caught in stormy seas.
For then the winds, in an impetuous band,
Fly o'er the earth, disturbing sea and land.
Haul up the keel on some dry, sandy spot,
Pull out the plug, or rains will cause the rot.
Stow safely rigging, rudders, sails at home,
They'll serve your turn when other seasons come.
When these arrive haul down the keel again,

Put in the **cargo** and explore the main.
'Twas thus our Sire, ere he from Cumæ strayed,
Drove on the seas a dangerous, luckless trade,
And then, the ills of poverty to shun,
Came and dwelt near the Groves of Helicon,*
In Ascra's town, which, though my native place,
I think has a mean climate and—still meaner race.

Let these few timely precepts, ere we part,
Be graved upon the tablet of thy heart :—
Respect thy country's laws, but for the law
Of God preserve a reverential awe.
Cherish thy brother most, nor e'er offend
His love by undue preference for a friend.
From sinful lies and flatteries guard thy tongue,
And make amends whene'er thou do'st a wrong.
And if thy neighbor wrong thee and be sorry,
Forgive th' offence, nor keep him in a worry.
Neither too liberal nor too frugal be,
This leads to hate, but that to penury ;
And they who most upon thy bounty feed,
Are first to leave you in the hour of need.
Reproach not him who is scourged by **Poverty's rod**,
God gave it him, and thou reproachest God.
But of all gifts a prudent tongue is best,
To render its possessor truly blest.
Guard then thy tongue, nor let its seal be broken,
Who evil speaks, of him is evil spoken.

*For descriptions of Mount Helicon, and Ascra, Hesiod's birth-place, see Appendixes C and D.

THE PRAISES OF RURAL LIFE.

FROM HORACE.

*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium, etc.*

Happy the man who, far from public strife,
Enjoys the calm content of rural life;
Who, like his sires, free from the curse of gain,
Still drives his oxen o'er his native plain.
No martial trump awakes his slumbering fears,
Or dangerous wave its threatening front uprears.*
He shuns alike the thresholds of the great,
The senate's broil, the forum's loud debate,
But up the lofty elm, employ divine,
Delights to rear and train the tender vine;
Or view, perchance, along the grassy mead,
In vales remote, the wandering cattle feed,
Or hoard in precious jars the honied wealth,
Or clip the lambs rejoicing in their health.
And when Autumnus bears his yellow head,
And mellow fruits around their lustre shed,

* Alluding to the dangerous occupations of the soldier and sailor.

With thee, O Priapus, he joys to share
The blushing vintage and the golden pear.
At times he watches, 'neath the spreading oak,
O'er distant hamlets rise the curling smoke ;
Sits where smooth-flowing waters glide along,
And forest minstrels warble out their song,
Or fountains murmur with melodious sound,
And cast their slumbering influence around.
But when the wintry storms of angry Jove
Deform the skies and shake the realms above,
He frees the eager pack and, 'mid the roar,
Drives full into his snares the foaming boar ;
Or spreads the wiry net with artful care,
And traps the wary quail or timid hare.
Oh ! who could not, mid happ'ness such as this,
Turn ev'n the pangs of love to perfect bliss ?
But if a virtuous wife may chance to share
His heart and household, her maternal care
Piles up the hearth, and warms the humble dome,
To cheer her spouse returning wearied home ;
Then pens in folds secure the lowing brood,
And from their swollen udders gleans the milky food.
If fare like this, though humble, be our lot,
Contentment fills our hearts because unsought.
Not all the delicacies wealth affords,
Or all that decks Apicius' shining boards,
Can sweeter fragrance to the laborer yield
Than fresh-pulled cowslips from the flowery field,
Or smell more savory than the roasted lamb,
Just torn from the caresses of its dam.
And then, 'mid such enjoyment, to behold
The well-fed flocks returning to the fold,

And wearied cattle move with languid air,
As they draw homeward the inverted share ;
To see the household round the cheerful hearth,
The abode of innocence, the scene of mirth !
'Tis thus we sing the praise of rural life,
And love the home remote from public strife.
Happy the man who lives in calm content,
But wretched he whose life's in turmoil spent.



NOTES.

NOTE (1).

*"Fools! who, with all their learning could not tell
The worth of mallows or of asphodel," etc.*

(Pages 10-11.)

This is the only passage, in such portions of Hesiod as I have translated, that may require an explanation. Mallows and Asphodel (now corrupted into daffodil), were well known among the ancient Greek peasantry as articles of food, just as cowslips, or spinage is known to us of the present day; and the passage may recall to mind Solomon's proverb of the "dinner of herbs," which is better than dining on a stall-fed ox, when the feasting is accompanied by contention or by feelings of rivalry and hatred. As for the "half exceeding the whole," though unaccountable to mathematicians, it is plain enough to philosophers and poets. Plato, who quotes this passage, explains it to mean that when the whole is injurious or dishonest, it is better to have only the half, or rather, half as much; as, for instance, it is better to have five hundred dollars honestly earned, than a thousand dollars worth of stolen property, whether obtained by process of "law," sneak-thieving, or highway robbery; all of which was a palpable thrust at the corrupt judges who had been bribed to defraud Hesiod of his share of the patrimony. And just here, I should greatly desire to beg pardon of the venerable shade of Hesiod, as well as to ask the indulgence of the critics, for violating the rules of grammar in using the phrase "their *soul*," instead of "their *souls*," were it not for the fact that these

judges most probably had but one soul between them, which by natural inference, was a narrow one, and incapable of relishing a dinner of herbs, or leading an honest life. Hesiod may not have made the discovery; but lawyers and lovers, in their psychological phenomena, are not very unlike: for the cohesive power of plunder, as well as that of love, exerts a remarkable influence towards unifying character and making

“Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts to beat as one.”

NOTE (2).

When, thus prepared, you reach the marrying age, etc.

(Page 25.)

The age fixed by Hesiod for marrying is about thirty for a man, and about nineteen or twenty for a woman. His language is: “And at mature age bring home a wife to thy house, when thou art neither very far short of thirty years, nor hast added much thereto; for such a marriage, mind you, is seasonable. And let the woman be in her bloom four years, and be married in her fifth,” which, among Grecian maidens, was nineteen years, or possibly twenty, as above stated. Plato and Aristotle, who together quote approvingly from Hesiod’s writings not much less than half a hundred times, have both written at some length upon this subject; the former placing the man’s age at from twenty-five to thirty-five, but fining him if he delays beyond his thirtieth year, while the latter places it at thirty-six. This age is designated probably on the ground that most men, if possessed of good habits, will, by that time, have become established in business, and better able to support a family. Benjamin Franklin, who was also wise in his day and generation, wrote a letter advocating early marriages—whatever age that may be—on the ground that young people assimilate better, form better habits, live more in accordance with the law of nature, but, chiefly, because America at that time needed population; while Malthus and

other European writers, contemporary with Franklin, alarmed at the ratio of the increase of population over that of the means of subsistence, advocate late marriages as the safest method of keeping down this increase. So, we see, if necessity is the mother of invention she is also the mother of political economy. If Franklin were living now, he would probably think of something he then forgot, namely, that if a man marries very "early," he had better have a small fortune, or some well-paying trade, occupation, or profession to start with. It's a hard question to settle; but my own opinion as to age is that some men had better marry early, others later on, and some again—never; and this is just what they have been doing, time out of mind, and will continue to do until time is no more, the advice of poets and philosophers to the contrary notwithstanding. Only, it's sometimes the wrong men who marry, and the right men who don't.



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

A free prose translation of the Days of Hesiod.

Mind well, too, and teach thy servants fittingly the days appointed by Jove, to wit :

The Thirtieth day of each month is the best both for inspecting work done, and distributing allotted sustenance, when the peoples observe it in deciding the right. (That is, for distributing the month's rations to the hired laborers ; it also being a holiday in the courts of law.)

And these following days are from counselling Jove : The First, the Fourth, and the Seventh are holy days ; for on this last day Latona gave birth to Apollo of the golden sword.

The Eighth and Ninth, these are two days of the month for getting ready the work of mortals.

The Eleventh and Twelfth, both in truth are good, the one for shearing sheep, the other for reaping corn ; but the twelfth is far better than the eleventh, for on it the high-hovering Spider spins his threads in the long summer day, when also the wise Ant harvests her heap. On this day, too, a woman should set up her loom, and put forth her work.

On the Thirteenth avoid commencing your sowing, though to set plants it is the best.

The Sixteenth is very unprofitable to plants, but auspicious for the birth of men ; though for a girl it is not propitious, either to be born or to be joined in wedlock. Nor, in truth, is the Sixth

day suitable for the birth of girls, but a favorable day for cutting kids and flocks of sheep, and for building a fold for sheep. Fortunate is the day on which a man is born, but the same day is fond of uttering raileries, falsehoods, wily words, and stealthy fond discourses.

On the Eighth day of the month, emasculate the boar, and the loud-bellowing bull, and on the Twelfth the toil-enduring mules.

On the longest 20th day, (*i. e.*—the 20th of June), in broad day, generate a wise man, for he will be very cautious of mind.

The Tenth day is lucky for raising sons, and the Fourteenth for girls. On this day, too, tame sheep, and crumple-horned oxen, and sharp-toothed dog, and patient mules. But on the Fourth and Twenty-fourth be cautious to avoid gnawing the heart with grief; for they are, in truth, perfect (*i. e.*—sacred) days.

On the Fourth of the month lead home a bride, after having examined the omens, which are best (to observe) in this matter.

Avoid the Fifth days, since they are both mischievous and destructive; for on the fifth it is said that the Furies attend upon Orcus (the god of oaths), born upon that day, whom Strife brought forth as a woe (or punishment) to the perjured.

On the Seventeenth watch well, and cast upon the well-rounded (*i. e.*—well-smoothed) threshing-floor the holy gift of Ceres; and let the wood-cutter cut timber for chamber furniture, and blocks for building ships.

On the Fourth begin to put together slight vessels; but the Nineteenth is better (for this purpose) towards evening.

The Ninth day is wholly harmless to mortals, since lucky indeed is this day for planting and for birth, to man as well as woman; and never is it a day altogether bad.

Few know that the Twenty-ninth is best both for broaching a cask and placing a yoke on the neck of oxen and mules and fleet-footed steeds; yet few call it a truthful day.

On the Fourth day open your cask.

The Fourteenth is a day sacred beyond all others.

Few know that the Twenty-fourth is best at the break of day; but towards evening it is worse.

These days, indeed, are to earthly men a great benefit. But the others, which fall between, are harmless, bringing nothing of moment. One man praises one day, another another; but few know them. Sometimes a day is a stepmother, sometimes a mother. Blest and fortunate is he who knowingly does all things with reference to these days, unblamed by the immortals, discerning (*i. e.*—observing and respecting) the omens, and avoiding transgressions.

APPENDIX B. (1.)

From Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Vol. II., Article, "Hesiod."

Hesiodus, one of the earliest Greek poets, respecting whose personal history we possess little more authentic information than respecting that of Homer, together with whom he is frequently mentioned by the ancients. The names of these two poets, in fact, form as it were the two poles of the early epic poetry of the Greeks; and as Homer represents the poetry, or school of poetry, belonging chiefly to Ionia in Asia Minor, so Hesiod is the representative of a school of bards, which was developed somewhat later at the foot of Mount Helicon in Bœotia, and spread over Phocis and Eubœa. The only points of resemblance between the two poets, or their respective schools, consists in their forms of versification and their dialect, but in all other respects they move in totally distinct spheres; for the Homeric takes for its subjects the restless activity of the heroic age, while the Hesiodic turns its attention to the quiet pursuits of ordinary life, to the origin of the world, the gods and heroes. The latter thus gave to its productions an ethical and religious character; and this circumstance alone suggests an advance in the intellectual state of the ancient Greeks upon that which we have depicted in the Homeric poems; though we do not mean to assert that the elements of the Hesiodic poetry are of a later date than the age of Homer, for they may, on the contrary, be as ancient as the Greek nation itself. But we must, at any rate, infer that the Hesiodic poetry, such as it has come down to us, is of later growth than the Homeric; an opinion which is confirmed also by the language and expressions of the two schools, and by a variety of collateral circumstances, among which we may mention the range of knowledge being much more extensive in the poems which bear the name of Hesiod than in those attributed to Homer. Herodotus (II. 53) and others regarded Homer and Hesiod as contemporaries, and some even assigned to him an earlier date than Homer; but the general opinion of the ancients was that Homer was the elder of the two, a belief which was entertained by Philochorus, Xenophanes, Eratosthenes, Apollodorus, and many others.

If we inquire after the exact age of Hesiod, we are informed by Herodotus that he lived 400 years before his time, that is, about B.C. 850. Velleius Paterculus considers that between Homer and Hesiod there was an interval of a hundred and

twenty years, and most modern critics assume that Hesiod lived about a century later than Homer, which is pretty much in accordance with the statements of some ancient writers who place him about the eleventh Olympiad, that is, about B.C. 735. Respecting the life of the poet we derive some information from one of the poems ascribed to him, namely the *Works and Days*. We learn from that poem (648, etc.) that he was born in the village of Ascra, Bœotia, whither his father had emigrated from the Eolian Cuma in Asia Minor. Ephorus and Suidas state that both Homer and Hesiod were natives of Cuma, and even represent them as kinsmen,—a statement which probably arose from the belief that Hesiod was born before his father's emigration to Ascra; but if this were true, Hesiod could not have said that he never crossed the sea, except from Aulis to Eubœa. Ascra, moreover, is mentioned as his birthplace in the epitaph on Hesiod (Pausanias IX. 38) and by Proclus in his life of Hesiod. The poet describes himself (*Theogony*, 23) as tending a flock on the side of Mount Helicon, and from this, as well as from the fact of his calling himself an *Atimetros*,* we must infer that he belonged to an humble station, and was engaged in rural pursuits. But subsequently his circumstances seem to have been bettered, and after the death of his father, he was involved in a dispute with his brother Perses about his small patrimony, which was decided in favor of Perses. He then seems to have emigrated to Orchomenus, where he spent the remainder of his life. At Orchomenus he is also said to have been buried, and his tomb was shown there in later times. This is all that can be said, with any degree of certainty, about the life of Hesiod. Proclus, Tzetzes, and others relate a variety of anecdotes and marvelous tales about his life and death, but very little value can be attached to them, though they may have been derived from comparatively early sources. We have to lament the loss of some ancient works on the life of Hesiod, especially those written by Plutarch and Cleomenes, for they would undoubtedly have enlightened us upon many points respecting which we are now completely in the dark. We must, however, observe that many of the stories related about Hesiod refer to his whole school of poetry (but not to the poet personally), and arose from the relation in which the Bœotian or Hesiodic school stood to the Homeric or Ionian school. In this light we consider, for example, the traditions that Stesichorus was a son of Hesiod, and that Hesiod had a poetical

*An *Atimetros*, in Greek, meant one who was *dishonored*, or rather *one-without-honor*. But technically and politically speaking, it meant one who had not as yet been honored with citizenship.

contest with Homer, which is said to have taken place at Chalcis during the funeral solemnities of King Amphidamas, or, according to others, at Aulis or Delos. The story of this contest gave rise to a composition still extant under the title of the *Contest between Homer and Hesiod*, the work of a grammarian who lived toward the end of the first century of our era, in which the two poets are represented as engaged in the contest and answering each other in their verses. The work is printed in Goettling's edition of Hesiod, p. 242--254, and in Westermann's *Vitarum Scriptores Græci*, p. 33, etc. Its author knows the whole family history of Hesiod, the names of his father and mother, as well as of his ancestors, and traces his descent to Orpheus, Linus, and Apollo himself. These legends, though they are mere fictions, show the connection which the ancients conceived to exist between the poetry of Hesiod (especially the Theogony) and the ancient schools of priests and bards which had their seats in Thrace and Pieria, and thence spread into Bœotia, where they probably formed the elements out of which the Hesiodic poetry was developed. Some of the fables, pretending to be the personal history of Hesiod, are of such a nature as to throw considerable doubt upon the personal existence of the poet altogether; and although we do not deny that there may have been in the Bœotian school a poet of the name of Hesiod, whose eminence caused him to be regarded as the representative, and a number of works to be attributed to him, still we would in speaking of Hesiod, be rather understood to mean the whole school than any particular individual. Thus an ancient epigram mentions that Hesiod was twice a youth and was twice buried; and there was a tradition that, by the command of an oracle, the bones of Hesiod were removed from Naupactus to Orchomenus, for the purpose of averting an epidemic. These traditions show that Hesiod was looked upon and worshipped in Bœotia (and also in Phocis) as an ancient hero, and, like many other heroes, he was said to have been unjustly killed in the Grove of the Nemean Jupiter. All that we can say, under these circumstances, is that a poet or hero of the name of Hesiod was regarded by the ancients as the head and representative of that school of poetry which was based on the Thracian or Pierian bards, and was developed in Bœotia as distinct from the Homeric or Ionic school.

The differences between the two schools of poetry are plain and obvious, and were recognized in ancient times no less than at present, as may be seen from the *Contest between Homer and Hesiod*. In their mode of delivery the poets of the two schools likewise differed; for while the Homeric poems were recited under the accompaniment of the cithara, those of Hesiod were recited

without any musical instruments, the reciter holding in his hand only a laurel branch or staff. As Bœotia, Phocis, and Eubœa were the principal parts of Greece where the Hesiodic poetry flourished, we cannot be surprised at finding that the Delphic oracle is a subject of great veneration with this school, and that there exists a strong resemblance between the hexameter oracles of the Pythia and the verses of Hesiod; nay, there is a verse in Hesiod, which is also mentioned by Herodotus as a Pythian oracle, and Hesiod himself is said to have possessed the gift of prophecy, and to have acquired it in Acarnania. A great many allegorical expressions, such as we frequently find in the oracular language, are common also in the poems of Hesiod. This circumstance, as well as certain grammatical forms in the language of Hesiod, constitute another point of difference between the Homeric and Hesiodic poetry, although the dialect in which the poems of both schools are composed is, on the whole, the same—that is, the Ionic-epic, which had become established as the language of epic poetry through the influence of Homer.

The ancients attributed to the one poet Hesiod a great variety of works; that is, all those which, in form and substance, answered to the spirit of the Hesiodic school, and thus seemed to be of a common origin. We shall subjoin a list of them, beginning with those which are still extant.

1. *Works and Days*, (Latin, *Opera et Dies*.) In the time of Pausanias, this was the only poem which the people about Mt. Helicon considered to be a genuine production of Hesiod, with the exception of the first ten lines, which certainly appear to have been prefixed by a later hand. There are also several other parts of this poem which seem to be later interpolations; but, on the whole, it bears the impress of a genuine production of very high antiquity, though in its present form it may consist only of disjointed portions of the original. It is written in the most homely and simple style, with scarcely any poetical imagery or ornament, and must be looked upon as the most ancient specimen of didactic poetry. It contains ethical, political, and economical precepts, the last of which constitute the greater part of the work, consisting of rules about choosing a wife, the education of children, agriculture, commerce, and navigation. A poem on these subjects was not of course held in much esteem by the powerful and ruling classes in Greece at the time, and made the Spartan Cleomenes contemptuously call Hesiod the poet of helots, in contrast with Homer, the delight of the warrior. The conclusion of the poem, from verse 750 to 828 is a sort of calendar, and was probably appended to it in later times, and the addition "*Days*," in the title

of the poem, seems to have been added in consequence of this appendage, for the poem is sometimes simply called "*Works*." It would further seem that three distinct poems have been inserted in it, viz. : 1. The fable of Prometheus and Pandora ; 2. On the ages of the world, which are designated by the names of metals ; and, 3. A description of winter. The first two of these poems are not so much out of keeping with the whole as the third, which is manifestly the most recent production of all, and most foreign to the spirit of Hesiod.* That which remains, after the reduction of the probable interpolations, consists of a collection of maxims, proverbs, and wise sayings, containing a considerable amount of practical wisdom, and some of these maxims may be as old as the Greek nation itself. Now, admitting that the *Works* originally consisted only of such maxims and precepts, it is difficult to understand how the author could derive from his production a reputation like that enjoyed by Hesiod, especially if we remember that at Thespiæ, to which the village of Ascra was subject, agriculture was held degrading to a freeman. In order to account for this phenomenon, it must be supposed that Hesiod was a poet of the people and peasantry rather than of the ruling nobles ; but that afterwards, when the warlike spirit of the heroic ages subsided, and peaceful pursuits began to be held in higher esteem, the poet of the plough also rose from his obscurity, and was looked upon as a sage ; nay, the very contrast with the Homeric poetry may have contributed to raise his fame. At all events, the poem, notwithstanding its want of unity and the incoherence of its parts, gives to us an attractive picture of the simplicity of the early Greek mode of life, of their manners and their domestic relations.

2. *Theogony*, or birth and genealogy of the gods. This poem, as we remarked above, was not considered by Hesiod's countrymen to be a genuine production of the poet. It presents, indeed, great differences from the preceding one : its very subject is apparently foreign to the homely author of the *Works* ; but the Alexandrian grammarians, especially Zenodotus and Aristarchus, appear to have had no doubt about its genuineness, though their opinion cannot be taken to mean anything else than that the poem contained nothing that was opposed to the character of the Hesiodic school ; and thus much we may therefore take for granted, that the *Theogony* is not the production of the same poet as the *Works*, and that it probably belongs to a later date. In order to understand why the ancients, nevertheless, regarded the *Theogony* as a Hesiodic work, we must recollect the traditions of the poet's

*This criticism is unfair and uncalled for.—*Trans.*

parentage and the marvellous events of his life. It was on Mt. Helicon, the ancient seat of the Thracian Muses, that he was believed to have been born and bred, and his descent was traced to Apollo; the idea of his having composed a work on the genealogies of the gods and heroes cannot, therefore, have appeared to the ancients as very surprising. That the author of the Theogony was a Boeotian is evident, from certain peculiarities of the language. The Theogony gives an account of the origin of the world and the birth of the gods, explaining the whole order in a series of genealogies, for every part of physical as well as moral nature appears there personified in the character of a distinct being. The whole concludes with an account of some of the most illustrious heroes, whereby the poem enters into some kind of connection with the Homeric epics. The whole poem may be divided into three parts: 1. The cosmogony, which widely differs from the simple Homeric notion, and afterwards served as the groundwork for the various physical speculations of the Greek philosophers who looked upon the Theogony of Hesiod as containing in an allegorical form all the physical wisdom that they were able to propound, though Hesiod himself was believed not to have been aware of the profound philosophical and theological wisdom he was uttering. The cosmogony extends from verse 116 to 452. 2. The Theogony in the strict sense of the word, from 453 to 962; and 3. The last portion, which is in fact a hero-gony, being an account of the heroes borne by mortal mothers whose charms had drawn the immortals from Olympus. This part is very brief, extending only from verse 963 to 1,021, and forms the transition *Eoëae*, of which we shall speak presently. If we ask for the sources from which Hesiod drew his information respecting the origin of the world and the gods, the answer cannot be much more than a conjecture, for there is no direct information on the point. Herodotus asserts that Homer and Hesiod made the theogony of the Greeks; and in reference to Hesiod in particular, this probably means that Hesiod collected and combined into a system the various local legends, especially of northern Greece, such as they had been handed down by priests and bards. The assertion of Herodotus further obliges us to take into consideration the fact, that in the earliest Greek theology the gods do not appear in any definite forms, whereas Hesiod strives to anthropomorphize all of them, the ancient elementary gods as well as the later dynasties of Cronus and Zeus (Saturn and Jupiter). Now both the system of the gods and the forms under which he conceived them, afterwards became firmly established in Greece; and, considered in this way, the assertion of Herodotus is perfectly correct. Whether the form in

which the Theogony has come down to us is the original and genuine one, and whether it is complete or only a fragment, is a question which has been much discussed in modern times. There can be little doubt but that in the course of time the poets of the Hesiodic school and the rhapsodists introduced various interpolations, which produced many of the inequalities both in the substance and form of the poem which we now perceive; many parts also may have been lost. Hermann has endeavored to show that there exist no less than seven different introductions to the Theogony, and that consequently there existed as many different rescensions and editions of it. But as our present form itself belongs to a very early date, it would be useless to attempt to determine what part of it formed the original kernel, and what is to be considered as later addition or interpolation.

3. *Eoæ*, also called Catalogues of Women. * * The poem itself, which is lost, is said to have consisted of four books, the last of which was by far the longest, and was hence called the Greater *Eoæ*, whereas the titles of Catalogues and *Eoæ* belonged to the whole body of poetry, containing accounts of the women who had been beloved by the gods, and had thus become the mothers of the heroes in the various parts of Greece, from whom the ruling families derived their origin. The two last verses of the Theogony formed the beginning of the *Eoæ* which, from its nature, might justly be regarded as a continuation of the Theogony, being, as a hero-ogony, the natural sequel of the Theogony. The work, if we may regard it one poem, thus contained the genealogies or pedigrees of the most illustrious Greek families. Whether the *Eoæ* or Catalogues was the work of one and the same poet was a disputed point among the ancients themselves. From a statement of the scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius it appears that it consisted of several works, which were afterwards put together; and while Apollonius Rhodius and Crates of Mallus attributed it to Hesiod, Aristophanes and Aristarchus were doubtful. An anonymous Greek grammarian states that the first fifty-six verses of the Hesiodic poem belonged to the fourth book of the *Eoæ*, and it is generally supposed that this poem, or perhaps fragment of a poem, originally belonged to the *Eoæ*. The Shield of Hercules, which is still extant, consists of three distinct parts; that from verse 1 to 56 was taken from the *Eoæ*, and is probably the most ancient portion; the second from 57 to 140, which must be connected with the verses 317 to 480; and the third from 141 to 317 contains the real description of the Shield of Hercules, which is introduced in the account of the fight between Hercules and Cynus. When, therefore, Apollonius Rhodius and others considered the Shield to

be a genuine Hesiodic production, it still remains doubtful whether they meant the whole poem as it now stands, or only some particular portion of it. The description of the shield of Hercules is an imitation of the Homeric description of the shield of Achilles, but is done with less skill and ability. It should be remarked that some critics are inclined to look upon the Shield of Hercules as an independent poem, and wholly unconnected with the *Eoæ*, though they admit that it may contain various interpolations by later hands. The fragments of the *Eoæ* are collected in Lehmann, *De Hesiodi Carminibus perditis*, pars 1. Berlin, 1828; in Goettling's edition of Hesiod, p. 209, etc.; and in Hermann's *Opuscula* VI. 1. p. 255, etc. We possess the titles of several Hesiodic poems, but they seem to have been only portions of the *Eoæ*.

4. *Ægimius*, an epic poem, consisting of several books or rhapsodies on the story of *Ægimius*, the famous ancestral hero of the Dorians, and the mythical history of the Dorians in general. Some of the ancients attribute this poem to Cercops of Miletus. The fragments of the *Ægimius* are collected in Goettling's edition of Hesiod.

5. *Melampodia*, an epic poem, consisting of at least three books. Some of the ancients denied that this was an Hesiodic poem. It contained the stories about the seer Melampus, and was thus of a similar character to the poems which celebrated the glory of the heroic families of the Greeks. Some writers consider the *Melampodia* to have been only a portion of the *Eoæ*, but there is no evidence for it, and others regard it as indetical with the *Epe Mantike* (Prophecy or Sooth-Saying), an Hesiodic work mentioned by Pausanias. The fragments of the *Melampodia* are collected in Goettling, p. 228, etc.

6. *Exegesis epiterasin* (Explanations of Signs) is mentioned as an Hesiodic work by Pausanias, and distinguished by him from *Epe Mantike*; but it is not improbable that both were indetical with, or portions of an astronomical work ascribed to Hesiod, under the title of *Astrikæ Biblos* or *Astrologia* (Star Book, or Astrology.)

See the fragment in Goettling.

7. *Cheiron Upothekæ* (Admonitions of Chirons to Achilles) seems to have been an imitation of the *Works*. See Goettling, p. 230, etc.

The poems of Hesiod, especially the Theogony, was looked up to by the Greeks from very early times as a great authority in theological and philosophical matters, and philosophers of nearly every school attempted by various modes of interpretation, to bring about a harmony between the statements of Hesiod and their own theories. The scholars of Alexandria and

other cities, such as Zenodotus, Aristophanes, Aristarchus, Crates of Mallus, Apollonius Rhodius, Seleucus of Alexandria, Plutarch, and others, devoted themselves with great zeal to the criticism and explanation of the poems of Hesiod; but all their works on this poet are lost, with the exception of some isolated remarks contained in the scholia on Hesiod still extant. These scholia are the productions of a much later age, though their authors made use of the works of the earlier grammarians. The scholia of the Neo-Platonist Proclus though only in an abridged form, of Johannes Tzetzes and Maschopulus, on the *Works*, and introductions with the life of Hesiod, are still extant; the scholia on the *Theogony* are a compilation from earlier and later commentators. The most complete edition of the scholia on Hesiod is that in the third volume of Gaisford's *Poeta Græci Minores*.

Another account of the lost poems ascribed to Hesiod, from the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, Vol. 10, Art. "Hesiod," viz. :—The Catalogues of Women or Heroines: in five parts, of which the fifth appears to have been entitled The Hero-gony: The Melampodia, a poem on Divination; The Great Astronomy, or Stellar Book; Descent of Theseus into Hades; Admonitions of Chiron to Achilles; Soothsaying and Explanations of Signs; Divine Speeches; Great Actions of the Dactyli of Cretan Ida, discoverers of Iron; Epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis; Ægimius; Elegy on Batrachus, a beloved youth; Circuit of the Earth; The Marriage of Ceyx; and, On Herbs.



APPENDIX B. (2.)

*From the Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. II., 1880, Article,
"Hesiod." (Extract.)*

* * * * *

His earliest poem, the famous *Works and Days*, embodies the experiences of his life afield; and, interwoven with episodes of fable, allegory, and personal history, forms a sort of Bœotian shepherd's calendar. The first portion is an ethical enforcement of honest labor, and dissuasive of strife and idleness; the second consists of hints and rules as to husbandry; and the third is a religious calendar of the months, with remarks on the days most lucky, or the contrary, for rural or nautical employments. The connecting link of the whole poem is the author's advice to his brother (Perses), who appears to have bribed the corrupt judges to deprive Hesiod of his already scantier inheritance, and to whom, as he wasted his substance lounging in the agora (courts of law), the poet more than once returned good for evil, though he tells him there will be a limit to this unmerited kindness. In the *Works and Days* the episodes which rise above an even didactic level are the "Creation and Equipment of Pandora," the "Five Ages of the World," and the much admired "Description of Winter." It is in the *Works and Days* especially that we glean indications of Hesiod's rank and condition in life, that of a stay-at-home farmer of the lower class, whose sole experience of the sea was a single voyage of forty yards across the Euripus, and an old-fashioned bachelor whose mysogonic views and prejudice against matrimony have been conjecturally traced to his brother Perses having a wife as extravagant as himself.

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APPENDIX C.

From Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, Vol. I., Article, "Ascra."

Ascra, a town of Bœotia on Mt. Helicon, and in the territory of Thespiæ, from which it was forty stadia (about five miles) distant. It is celebrated as the residence of Hesiod, whose father settled here after leaving Cuma in Æolis. Hesiod complains of it as a disagreeable residence, both in summer and winter; and Eudoxus found still more fault with it. But other writers speak of it as abounding in corn and in wine. According to the poet Hegesinus, who is quoted by Pausanias, Ascra was founded by Ephialtes and Otus, the sons of Alcæus. In the time of Pausanias a single tower was all that remained of the town. The remains of Ascra, says Leake, are "found on the summit of a high conical hill, or rather rock, which is connected to the N. W. with *Mt. Zagara*, and more to the westward, with the proper Helicon. The distance of these ruins from *Lefka* corresponds exactly to the forty stadia, which Strabo places between Thespiæ and Ascra; and it is further remarkable, that a single tower is the only portion of the ruins conspicuously preserved, just as Pausanias describes Ascra in his time, though there are also some vestiges of the walls surrounding the summit of the hill, and enclosing a space of no great extent. The place is now called *Pyrgaki* from the tower, which is formed of equal and regular layers of masonry, and is uncommonly large." The Roman poets frequently use the adjective *Ascræus* in the sense of Hesiodic. Hence we find *Ascræum carmen* (Virgil, *Georgics* 2, 176) and similar phrases.



APPENDIX D. (1.)

From Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, Vol. I., Article, "Helicon."

Helicon, a mountain in Bœotia, lying between Lake Copais and the Corinthian gulf, and which may be regarded as a continuation of the range of Parnassus. It is celebrated as the favorite haunt of the Muses, to whom the epithet of the Heliconian is frequently given by both the Greek and Roman poets. Its poetical celebrity is owing to the fact of its having been the seat of the earliest school of poetry in Greece Proper; for at its foot was situated Ascra, the residence of Hesiod, the most eminent poet of this school.

Helicon is a range of mountains with several summits, of which the loftiest is *Paleovuni*. Helicon is described by Strabo as equal to Parnassus, both in height and circumference; but this is a mistake as far as height is concerned, since the loftiest summit of Helicon is barely 5,000 feet, while that of Parnassus is upwards of 8,000 feet. Pausanias says that of all the mountains in Greece, Helicon is the most fertile, and produces the greatest number of trees and shrubs, though none of a poisonous character, while several of them are useful in counteracting the bites of venomous serpents. There is, however, a considerable difference between the eastern and western sides of the mountain; for while the eastern slopes abounded in springs, groves, and fertile valleys, the western side was more rugged and less susceptible of cultivation. It was the eastern or Bœotian side of Helicon which was especially sacred to the Muses, and contained many objects connected with their worship, of which Pausanias has left us an account. On Helicon was a sacred grove of the Muses, to which Pausanias ascended from Ascra. On the left of the road, before reaching the grove of the Muses, was the celebrated fountain of Aganippe, which was believed to inspire those who drank of it, and from which the Muses were called Aganippides.

Placing Ascra at *Pyrgaki*, there is little doubt that Aganippe is the fountain which issues from the left bank of the torrent, flowing midway between *Paleo-panaghia* and *Pyrgaki*. Around this fountain Leake observed numerous squared blocks, and in the neighboring fields stones and remains of habitations. The position of the Grove of the Muses is fixed at St. Nicholas by an inscription which Leake discovered there relating to the *Museia*, or the games of the Muses, which were celebrated there under the presidency of

the Thespians. St. Nicholas is a church and small convent beautifully situated in a theatre-shaped hollow at the foot of Mt. *Marandali*, which is one of the summits of Helicon. In the time of Pausanias the Grove of the Muses contained a larger number of statues than any other place in Bœotia; and this writer has given an account of many of them. The statues of the Muses were removed by Constantine from this place to his new capital (Constantinople), where they were destroyed by fire in A. D. 404.

Twenty stadia (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) above the Grove of the Muses was the Fountain *Hippocrene*, which was said to have been produced by the horse Pegasus striking the ground with his feet. Hippocrene was probably at Makariótissa, which is noted for a fine spring of water, although, as Leake remarks, the twenty stadia of Pausanias accord better with the direct distance than with that by the road. The two fountains of Aganippe and Hippocrene supplied the streams called Olmeius and Permessus, which, after uniting their waters, flowed by Haliartus into the lake Copais.

Another part of Helicon, also sacred to the Muses, bore the name of Mt. *Leibethrion*. It is described by Pausanias as distant forty stadia from Coroneia, and is therefore probably the mountain of *Zagara*, which is completely separated from the great heights of Helicon by an elevated valley, in which are two villages named *Zagara*, and above them, on the rugged mountain, a monastery. This is Leake's opinion; but Dodwell and Gell identify it with *Granitza*, which is, however, more probably Laphystium. On Mt. Leibethrion there were statues of the Muses and of the Leibethrian nymphs, and two fountains called Leibethrias and Petra, resembling the breasts of a woman, and pouring forth water like milk. There was a grotto of the Leibethrian nymphs.



APPENDIX D. (2.)

From the Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. II., 1880, Article, "Helicon."

Helicon, a mountain, or more strictly a mountain range, of Bœotia, in ancient Greece, celebrated in literature as the favorite haunt of the Muses, is situated between Lake Copais and the Gulf of Corinth. On the fertile eastern slopes stood a temple and grove sacred to the Muses, and adorned with beautiful statues, which, taken by Constantine to beautify his new city (Constantinople), were consumed there by fire in 404 A. D. Hard by sparkled the famous fountains of poetic inspiration, Aganippe and Hippocrene, the latter fabled to have gushed from the earth at the tread of the winged horse Pegasus, whose favorite browsing place was there. At the neighboring Ascra dwelt the ancient Hesiod, a fact which probably enhanced the poetic fame of the region. Pausanias, who describes Helicon in his ninth book, asserts that it was the most fertile mountain in Greece, and that neither poisonous plant nor serpent was to be found in it, while many of its herbs possessed a marvellous healing virtue. The highest summit, the present Paleovuni (old hill), rises to the height of about 5,000 feet. Modern travelers, aided by ancient remains and inscriptions, and guided by the local descriptions of Pausanias, have succeeded in identifying many of the ancient classical spots. For details of modern research, see Clarke's *Travels in Various Countries, Leake's Northern Greece, etc.*



APPENDIX D. (3.)

From the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, Vol. X., 1832, Article, "Helicon."

Helicon is the ancient name of a mountain in Bœotia, near the Gulf of Corinth, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, who thence received the name of Heliconides. Its modern name is *Sagara*, pronounced *Sacra*, an obvious corruption as Dr. Clarke has stated, of *Ascra*, a town upon Helicon, and the birthplace of Hesiod. Dr. Clarke, who visited this mountain, has favored the public with a very interesting description of it. Instead of proceeding to Lebadea, by the usual circuitous route along the level country, he ascended the mountain from Neocorio, passed by the monastery of St. Nicholo to Sagara, and afterwards descended by the monastery of St. George to Lebadea. He ascended in a northwest direction above the village of Neocorio and passed a chapel in ruins. On his right hand there was a rivulet flowing from Helicon towards the plains of Neocorio, or Thespiæ; and beyond this, on the opposite side of the dingle through which this rivulet fell, he saw from an eminence a village called Panaja. After traveling along the northeast side of the mountain, he reached, in about an hour, the little monastery of St. Nicholo, situated within a sheltered recess of Helicon. The mountain surrounded it on all sides, a ruined tower belonging to Panaja appearing in front through a small opening. The aromatic plants filled the air with their spicy odors. A perennial fountain threw its limpid waters into the rivulet below; and the monastery was almost concealed amid trees, no less remarkable for their variety than for their beauty and luxuriance. The fountain was covered with moss and with creeping plants, forming a pendent foliage over all the fabric constructed around it. In a church near the monastery, Dr. Clarke found a long inscription on the shaft of one of the pillars, directly mentioning that the *MOUSEIA*, or games sacred to the Muses, according to Pausanias, were celebrated near a grove upon Mt. Helicon. This inscription, and other evidence, convinced Dr. Clarke that he had now discovered the fountain Aganippe and the Grove of the Muses. Hence it followed, that the rivulet below was the Permessus, parent of Aganippe, called Termessus by Pausanias, and flowing, as he describes it, in a circuitous course from Mt. Helicon.

A path, winding through the grove, conducts from the monastery to the spot, where, upon the left hand, the water gushes forth

in a clear and continued stream. "The work about the fountain," says Dr. Clarke, "was until lately very ancient, and not long ago there was an antique cistern in front of it; but the present monks, finding the work in a ruined state, undertook to repair it, and thus destroyed much of its original and venerable appearance. In its state of restoration, however, it is not without picturesque beauty; for they have merely erected an arcade of stone, whence the water issues, and this is already adorned by moss and creeping plants. The walks about the fountain, winding into the deep solitude of Helicon, are in the highest degree beautiful. All above is grand and striking, and every declivity of the mountain is covered with luxuriant shrubs, or tenanted by browsing flocks. Higher up the mountain, at the distance of two miles and a half from this grove and from the fountain of Aganippe, was the fountain of Hippocrene, fabled to have sprung from the earth when struck by the hoof of Pegasus."

From the Grove of the Muses, Dr. Clarke descended to the Permessus, and crossing that rivulet, he ascended in a northwest direction towards the higher parts of Helicon. Wherever the surface was laid bare, he found the rocks to consist of primary limestone. By proceeding, with difficulty, along a craggy, narrow path, he reached the heights of Sagara, where he observed part of the ancient paved causeway, which formerly led from Thespiæ to Ascra, and to Lebadea. From this point, which was two hours' journey from Neocorio, the whole of Bœotia was seen. The road now extended southeast and northwest, and another hour was necessary to descend into the deep valley in which Sagara is situated. This valley is entirely surrounded by high rocks, and by the towering summits of Helicon. A level plain is seen below, having its woods and corn fields almost buried in the deep bosom of the mountain. A steep and rugged descent now conducted Dr. Clarke to the village of Zagara, which is divided into two parts by a river flowing across this valley, one part of the village being high above the other. The lower part stretches into the level plain; and above the upper part a small white edifice, the monastery of Panaja, appears embosomed among trees. Dr. Clarke has shown, we think, that this village is the ASCRA of the ancients, the place of Hesiod's nativity.

After passing Zagara, Dr. Clarke advanced along the boldest rocks, and ascending by a narrow, steep, and stony path, he reached the highest part of this road over Helicon, "commanding a prospect," as he remarks, "which, in the grandeur of its objects, and in all the affecting circumstances of history thereby suggested,

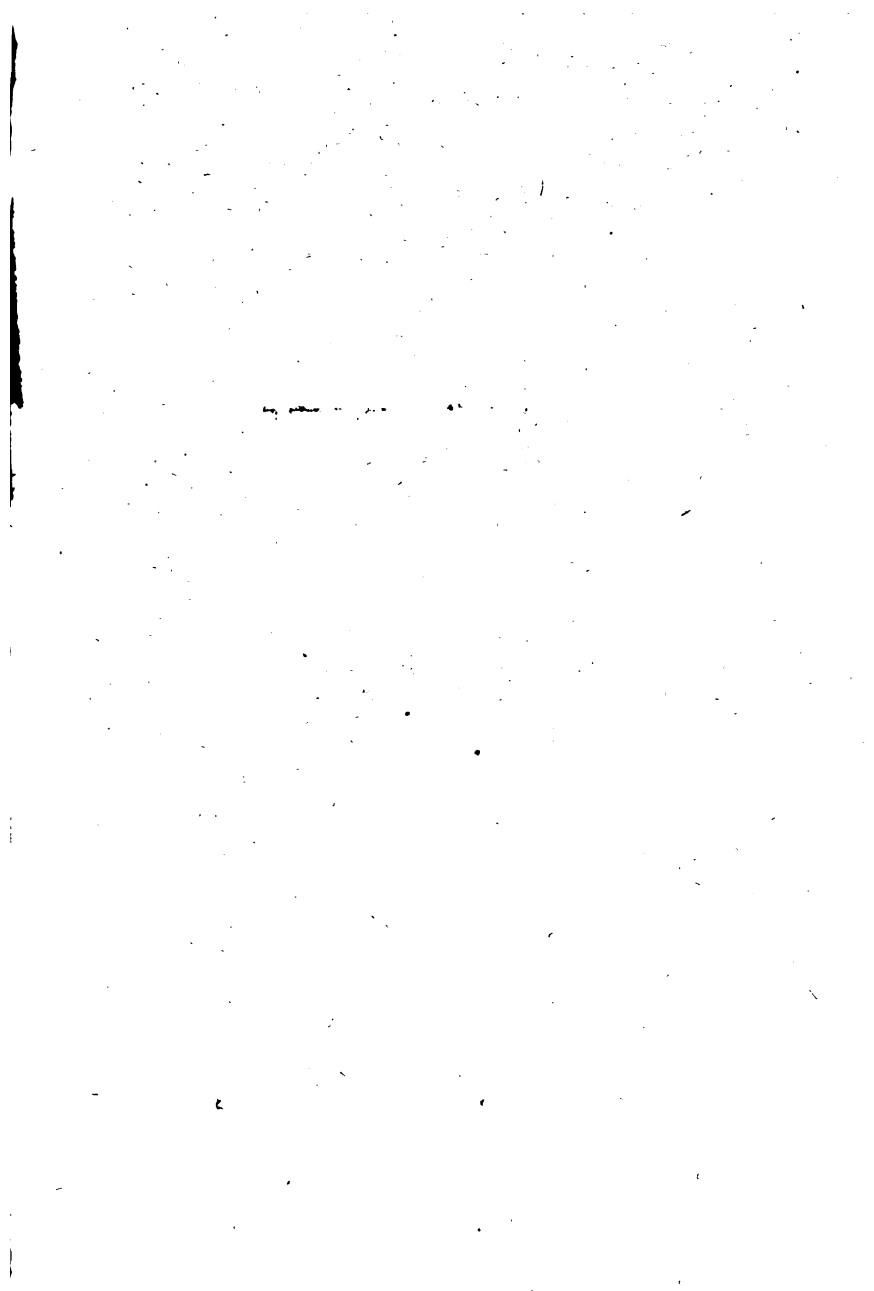
cannot be equalled in the whole world. The eye ranges over all the plains of Lebadea, Cheronæa, and Orchomenus, looking down upon the numerous villages now occupying the sites of those and other illustrious cities. From the spot where the spectator is placed, the most amazing undulations of mountain scenery descends in vast waves, like the swellings of an ocean, towards Parnassus, whose snowy bosom, dazzling by its brightness, was expanded before us with incomparable grandeur."

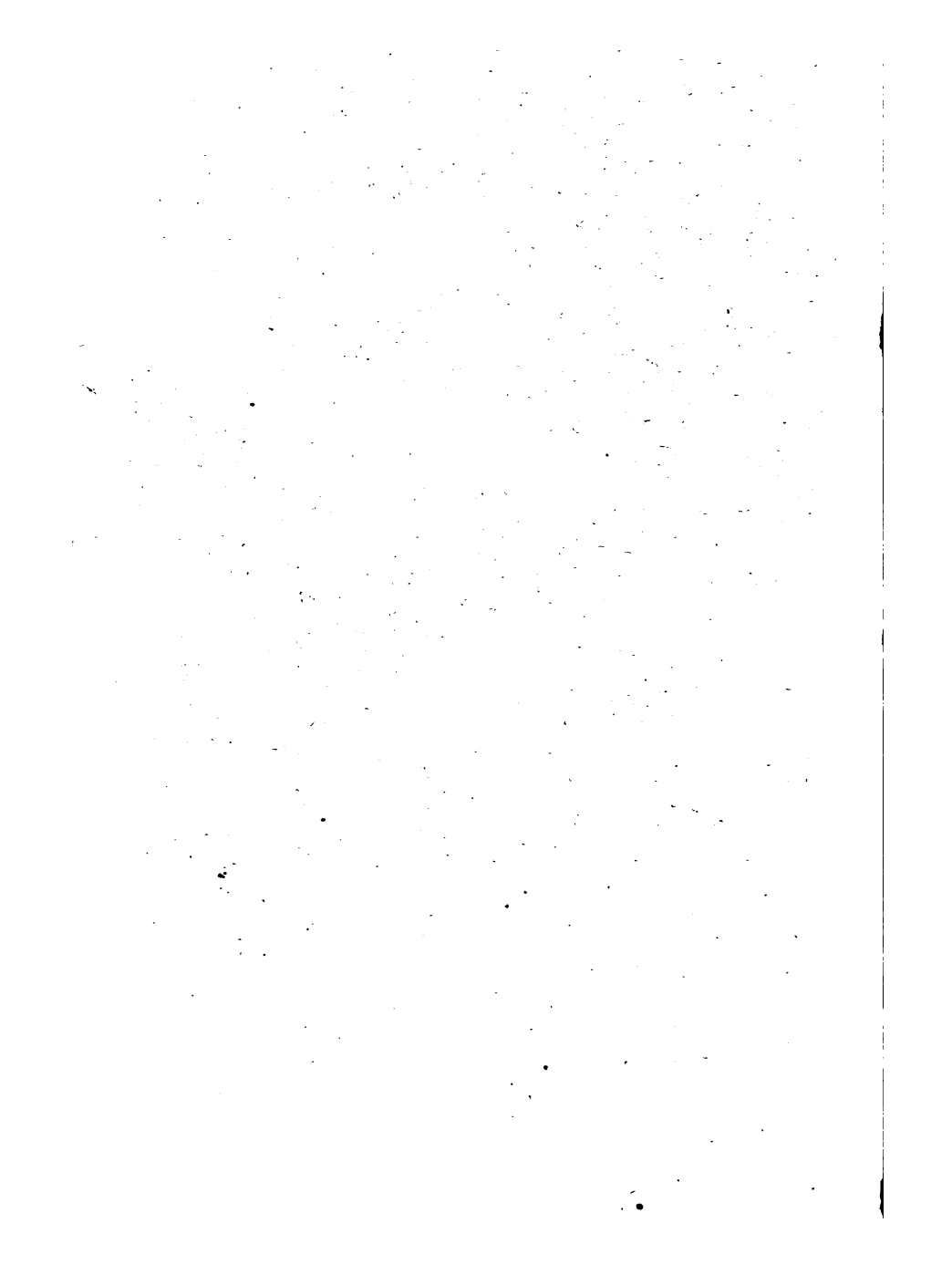
After passing another fountain, and travelling a quarter of a mile over an ancient paved way, Dr. Clarke reached a magnificent terrace, elevated as it were above all Greece, and, continuing to descend, the monastery of St. George appeared in view, bearing north and by west. He then arrived at the village of Kotumala, about one and three-fourths hours from Zagara, and commanding the most sublime views. After passing the remains of an aqueduct, and the ruins of a city upon a hill, he reached Panori, two hours distant from Kotumala. He then passed two bridges, and came in sight of Labadea, which will be described under that article.

We have thus given our reader a very brief account of Dr. Clarke's most interesting examination of the antiquities of Mt. Helicon. They will naturally turn to the original work for an ampler account of his journey. The classical reader will find himself inspired at every step, and will share the fine sentiments which the sight of ancient Greece awakened in the first of modern poets:

Where'er we tread, 'tis holy, haunted ground;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
 Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone.
 Yet to the remnants of thy splendor past
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
 Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore:
 Blest of the aged! lesson of the young!
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

—*Childe Harold, Canto II.*





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